



# The View

Halfway up the eastern slope of the cerebellum our expedition encountered a young scientist excavating a small tangle of neurons. Without looking up, the scientist said, "According to my calculations, this should be a child's first steps."

While traversing the inferior surface of the occipital lobe, we came across a giant electrical grid and monitoring system. A researcher stood at the control panel. As we passed, he muttered, "Perception," as though introducing himself.

Knee-deep in the crystal clear waters of the pericallosal cistern, two grad students were panning for morality.

At the temporal-parietal junction, a group of young men and women in white lab coats were building a giant observatory to capture out-of-body experiences.

In the deepening gyral shadows, we continued upward. Just before dusk, we reached the summit. Despite the waning light, the view was stunning. I started to speak, but the expedition leader, a poet, put her finger to her lips and shook her head. For a time we stood in silence, taking in the history and future of man.

On our descent we passed a succession of researchers working beneath small circles of light cast by their halogen head lamps. We kept our distance, our gazes averted. In the darkness the specks of light rising toward the summit created the impression of a path.

I've been told that the researchers are still there.

—Robert Burton

